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"What fools these Mortals be!"  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM

# Luck

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THE FIDDLE AND THE BOW.  
A Picture of Municipal Harmony in New York.

## PUCK.

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## FICTION.

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION CONTAINING ONLY STORIES.

Published Every Monday.

No. 20 contains "The Three Balls of Lombardy," by Ernest Harvier, a dream in a pawnbroker's shop, a strangely fantastic piece of imaginative fiction; a second installment of Arthur Lot's delightful novelette, "At the Thousand Islands;" "Worse than a Ghost Story," a wild winter-time reminiscence; and "Donna Juanita's Story," by Alfred Balch, a pure and pathetic tale of woman's love and devotion. Then there are further chapters of "Bent, Not Broken," which is, beyond question, the best novel of college life, and the truest to nature, ever published; and three more chapters of "Faith," in which the story assumes a serious interest, and where is described, incidentally, an art-reception in this city, which gives occasion for the introduction of various figures whose identity may readily be guessed by members of the art-world. The price of FICTION is 10 cents a copy; \$4 a year.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**M**R. OSCAR WILDE'S appearance in this country seems to have been generally accepted as a thoroughly comic event. We will frankly confess that the humor of it is not clearly apparent to us. Mr. Wilde is a very young man of unquestionable ability, and most creditable scholarly attainments. He has already published a volume of poems which, although they are marred by many affectations, give excellent promise of a fine development of the poetic faculty in their author. One of the best classical scholars in England has been satisfied to own his indebtedness to Mr. Wilde for assistance in the preparation of a standard work. The young man is decidedly a youth who may become a man of genuine worth in the literary world. He has talent, and he has such knowledge as a man may acquire from collegiate study.

But the object of his visit here is to make money by exhibiting himself, his looks and his manners, under the very thin pretext of lecturing through the country. He has gained a certain not over desirable notoriety from the fact that a clever caricaturist has ridiculed his dress, bearing and language. This has excited popular interest, and clever speculators in the show business have seen that there is money in hiring Mr. Oscar Wilde to pose as the original of the caricatures in our esteemed London contemporary, *Punch*.

As we say, we do not think this very funny. The exhibition has its serious side. Giants and dwarfs and Aztec children are very fair subjects for exhibition; but it is not exactly dignified in a cultured man of literary ability to make a show of himself. But if Mr. Oscar Wilde is to make a success in this country, he must be taken

sharply in hand by his manager. As soon as he was "interviewed" by the first reporter, he expressed a mad admiration for this country. He loved it by report, and he wished to see it for himself. This will never do. An Englishman who comes over here and refrains from abusing the country is no Englishman at all, and if Mr. Wilde's manager wishes to make him a success, he will at once suggest to the young man to be as rude and ill-bred in his comments as possible.

Mayor Grace is, perhaps, the most useful citizen of this great State, while our friend Mr. John Kelly may safely be put down as the most useless. He is not only useless, but he is an obtrusive nuisance. No wise legislation can be expected so long as Mr. Kelly or Tammany Hall has anything to do with politics. We wish it were possible to predict a change in the order of things, but it is not. Mr. John Kelly and his baleful influence seem for the present permanent institutions, and all that can be done is to bear it patiently, consoling ourselves with the knowledge that it cannot last forever.

His latest move is to offer his services and the ignorant and corrupt voters he controls to the Republican party. If the Republican party is wise—and it has always shown more political wisdom and sounder judgement than the Democrats in its management of a campaign—it will have nothing to do with Mr. Kelly. If it does, it will be the first nail in its political coffin. Mr. Kelly sold out on several occasions to the party he pretended to act with, and he will as surely turn traitor again whenever it suits his convenience or purpose. Mr. Kelly, in short, is absolutely politically untrustworthy; and if he is of any value at all to the community, it can be only because he affords us from time to time good subjects for cartoons.

But we have something to thank Mr. Kelly for. He was the means of giving us a good, just and honorable man as Mayor of New York. Not that Mr. Kelly wished a good, just and honorable man to be Mayor. He would have liked for his Mayor a man who would dance to any tune that he might see fit to play. Mayor Grace is not that kind of a man, and Mr. Kelly is wrathful in consequence, and does not hesitate to exhibit his feelings in the matter. Owing to our childish system of municipal government, by which a number of donkeys in Albany are permitted to control our affairs, Mr. Kelly, if he cannot do much harm himself, can always prevent good from being done; and he never loses the opportunity.

Mayor Grace has the fiddle, and Mr. Kelly the bow. Although the Mayor is placed in his position by the votes of the majority of the citizens, the Tammany politician can, for merely spiteful amusement, prevent the will of the people from being carried out. The head of the city, by legal choice, is foiled and obstructed at every step by this soulless and pertinacious jobber in offices. The community over which the Mayor—we are sorry to say nominally—presides is not lacking in intelligence; how long, then, will it permit a condition of affairs by which an impudent lot of idlers, led by an unscrupulous and coarse-grained demagogue, can control the government of the city?

Perhaps it is the publication of PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1882 which has drawn the public mind away from the contemplation of Messrs. Field, Sage and Gould, and their transactions in elevated railroad stock; but that we have not lost sight of these gentlemen is apparent from a glance at our centre cartoon, and we may remark that it is not our intention to let the public forget them. We have, on several

previous occasions, paid our respects to Mr. Cyrus W. Field. We remember him in connection with the erection of a statue of a British spy. We can recall his praiseworthy efforts in entertaining distinguished strangers, and especially the quiet, modest and unobtrusive way in which he started a subscription for the widow of the late President.

Mr. Jay Gould also is not exactly unknown to us. Indeed, we may say that we know him very well. He has shown such a lively interest in so many public enterprises not altogether connected with Wall Street, that it is scarcely necessary to mention them. Mr. Sage has not achieved either the fame or popularity of his two brother millionaires; but a select circle of gentlemen in the world of finance are accustomed to swear by him and at him. When, therefore, three such rich and notable men enter into partnership to improve their condition, somebody is very likely to suffer, and a great many people have suffered—and will continue to suffer.

"Don't call us hard names," says Messrs. Field, Gould & Co.: "We are honest men, we haven't robbed anybody, we never do such things. It is true that certain securities have come into our possession in an apparently irregular manner, but we assure you it is all right, strictly within the letter of the law—our law, the law that we get administered for us. The law is a fine thing, and we use a great deal of it. But you ex-stockholders complain that you lost your money. We're really very sorry, indeed; but stocks are ticklish things, and Wall Street is a bad place. We wish we could get out of it ourselves." These financial heroes will, on the following Sunday, go to church with their families, and sing hymns until they are black in the face,

We do not expect that these few remarks of ours will induce Messrs. Field, Gould and Sage to alter what, to others, is a painful way of doing business, but some good may result if we can make people understand what very little difference there is between the methods of the Western desperado, who helps himself to others' property in defiance of the law, and the Eastern financier, who manages to do the same thing in his accordance with law. It is almost six of one and half-a-dozen of the other.

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1882 is out, and selling so fast that the newsdealers have been obliged to take on extra clerks to hand them out to the ravenous truth-seeker. Among many other exquisite contributions, PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1882 contains wise remarks and meditations on the months by Victor Hugo, W. M. Evans, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Tennyson, Oscar Wilde, the Sweet Singer of Michigan, R. G. Ingersoll, Judge Jeremiah S. Black, Bismarck, Tommaso Salvini, John G. Whittier, John Kelly, and Bjorn Smijth, the Great Norse Poet. There are also a great many gems of thought and flights of fancy, golden grains of wisdom, and all that sort of thing till you can't rest. Every page is brimming till it can't brim any more, and there are pictures by Keppler, Oppen and Gillam scattered around with a reckless profusion, which enables this unique volume to attain a considerable mortgage on the Charlotte Russe. In this respect, it is the kind of a book that the late William Shakespeare would have termed a "corker," or a Vatican on stilts. The thought is from the flowery minds of the following celebrated people: Arthur Penn, Jake Moon, John Valentine Rogers, R. N., A. E. Watrous, B. B. Vallentine, Ed. L. Adams, John Smith's Son, H. C. Bunner, "Birdseye," "Tricotrin," R. K. Munkittrick, Edward Wick, H. C. Dodge, Harry Kafoozieum, Abe Aarder, G. H. Jessup, Alcibiades Zero, Julia K. Wetherill, Thos. S. Collier, and John Greenleaf Smith.



## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCVI.

OSCAR WILDE.



Ya-as, aw, young Wilde, whom I used to wemembah as a b-b-boy, has arwived he-ah, I believe, faw the purpose of lecturwing, or pwoducing a play, or doing some of the othah things by which literwarwy fellahs usually gain their bwead and buttah.

I am not a gweat admirwah of this kind of business, ye know; faw if a fellow belongs to a respectable family, and has enough money to live like a gentleman, I cahn't, faw the aw life of me, undahstand why he should worwy himself about mattahs that othah individuals twy to derwive an income fwom.

This young Wilde, of course, bwrought lettahs of intwoduction to me, and I couldn't verwy well do less than listen to what he had to say, as the intwoductions were fwom fellahs with whom I wish to continue to wemain fwindly.

He called at my wesidence, the othah mornwg, while I was sitting in the libwarwy smokwg my pipe aftah bweakfast.

"Aw, Mr. Wilde, I'm verwy glad to see you," I wemarked, aftah having wead one of the lettahs he presented to me.

"Ya-as," he weplied: "awfully obliged, I'm sure. Do you think you would have known me fwom my portwraits?" he asked.

"What portwraits?" I inquired.

"I mean," he said: "those widiculous caricatures of me in *Punch* by that Du Maurwifer fellow."

"Aw, don't fancy I should have wecognized you."

"I'm wathah glad of that," he wemarked: "because it would be so deuced awkward he-ah to have everwybody starwng at you as you walked the sweet."

"You have certain aesthetical pwoclivities, I believe, and occasionally aw pass the night in the society of a lily or sunflowah or violets or wosebuds or othah varwety of florwiculture. To a fellow like me, I am fwee to confess that it seems quee-ah."

"Ya-as," said he, with a wathah stwange laugh: "it is twue I wejoice with everwything beautiful, but my peculiarwities have been gweatly exaggerwated. Besides, Mr. Fitznoodle, you have aw no conception how things have altered since you were a conspicuous figure in Bwitish society. The taste for art has impwoved—I may say, it has made gigantic stwides. Have you wead any of my poetwy?"

"Aw I have looked through it, but I nevah wead poetwy; it is too gweat a baw aw. Hasn't a Mr. Gilbert parwodied some of your work in an operwa called 'Patience'?"

"Ya-as."

At this moment Mrs. Fitznoodle entered, and I pwesented Wilde to her. I nevah saw a woman so interwested with anybody in my life. 'Pon my life, I cahn't say whethah it was weal or pwetended interwest. She invited him to dinnah, pwomised to take a numbah of seats faw his lecture and to patwonize his play, all in the same bweath. But I am not desirwous of having my boy bwought up in aesthetic fashion. Perwhaps I may like the ide-ah bettah when I compwehend Wilde's charwactah, though I must say that at pwesent he stwikes me as being odd, quee-ah, unnaturwal and devilishly widiculous.

At aw dinnah we aw chatted about a numbah of people whom I knew at home, and of some youngstahs at Oxford and Cambwidge, and I soon discovered that Wilde, widiculous as he appe-ahs, is quite clewah. He knows a good deal of Latin and maw of Gweek, and has apparwently some pwetty and corwect ide-ahs, which he uses metwically. I have advised him to cut his hair and wear quietah cwavats aw.

## TWO POINTS.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I admire (and so does everybody) PUCK's manly attitude on this "beastly aw" habit of Treating; also the Pension Swindle item, the Star Route Frauds, ditto Civil Service Reform, likewise the Guiteau Circus; added to above, Mormonism, for which, by-the-way, Colfax offers an excellent prescription.

Strictures on our "infant" navy are also in order; but what has Blaine done to merit PUCK's covert sneers? Have not all his deeds, for good or ill, been open and above board? Has he committed any censurable act in a sneaking, covert manner?

Is it not very true that while he may have used means to accomplish ends, which PUCK may call unjustifiable, has he made any secret of it?

Has Blaine ever tried to hide his record, or plead "baby" or "Christian" to curry favor with the "de-ah" people?

Also, will PUCK be kind enough to state how long the balance of trade would be in our favor if absolute free trade was the order of the day?

While I admit that we pay more, perhaps, for our goods under a tariff system, doesn't the money stay in our country? In conclusion, we promise—if that "millenium" of free trade should come, and the same fatal results do not follow, that have followed tariff repeals in this country every time—we promise we'll—we—we—we promise PUCK a suit of clothes.

Respectfully,

A WESTERN READER.

I.—We do not wish to dictate to Mr. Blaine in what manner he should cover up those little infelicities which sometimes mar the calm glory of a statesman's life, and which are all the more to be regretted when they occur in the life of a clever man, and one who is useful to his country. But if our correspondent wishes to know whether we think Mr. Blaine's style superior to that of the Christian statesmen he refers to, we will admit that the opportune sun-stroke idea has the charm of originality.

II.—The balance of trade would stay where it is. The money that comes into the country comes to the farmers who export produce, and, out of the proceeds, pay the government a tax on the woolen clothes which our long-protected manufacturers can not yet make of decent quality. We have not, as a matter of fact, demanded absolute free trade. We do not want absolute free trade, until the country is ready for it. But when that "millenium" shall arrive, PUCK will be happy to accept from his friend a suit of clothes—which will not cost twice their cash value, either.

ED. PUCK.

My dear Mama:

I am in America. America is much larger than London; but there are no sunflowers and lilies in bloom, and my soul hungers and yearns for them.

Yours rapturously and soulfully,

OSCAR W-L-DE.

P.S.—I have bought a new chest-protector and liver-pad.

## Puckeringings.

DIED BY suicide in Newport, a clarionet-player.—Cornet players please copy.

HE KEPT his diary religiously until the 7th of January, when he found it made very respectable shaving paper.

THE REASON that ice will be high next summer, is that the "Jeannette" crushed so much of it when in the vicinity of the North Pole.

SECRETARY HUNT expects to remain at the head of the Navy Department. Query: Can anything have a head that is destitute of body and tail?

STEALING DEAD bodies appears to be in vogue. If the fashion should extend to live bodies, Private Dalzell would be a good subject to exercise on.

IF MR. OSCAR WILDE will show Americans what is the real nice aesthetic way of "yanking the filthy," his visit to the United States will not have been in vain.

WHEN THE executioner has done his duty, we shall be prepared to listen to arguments on the innocence of Guiteau. Court, for the present, is adjourned *sine die*.

PRUSSIA AND the Vatican seem always to be at loggerheads. Why do they not settle their disputes by a walking-match? Leo and Bismarck would draw much better than O'Leary and Rowell.

EX-POSTMASTER-GENERAL JAMES has made the post office practically self-sustaining. Yet we often wonder how a letter manages to sustain itself for two days in getting from New York to Brooklyn.

MR. DERBY, of England, who is a Nearl, announces himself as a thorough Liberal. It strikes us as not being a difficult matter to be a thorough anything with an income of a million of dollars a year.

IT IS THE night that a man is engaged to take his girl to the theatre that it is sure to rain; but it is the cloudy day when he leaves home with his umbrella that it is sure to shine hard enough to make ice-cream blossom, and cause the mayor to issue a dog-muzzling bull.

THREE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED pounds of opium, and five thousand five hundred ounces of morphia are consumed yearly in Albany, although our dead-lock legislators there have "sworn off" on these delicacies. We wish we could induce them to break their pledge and go to sleep.

WHEN YOU leave your hundred-dollar gold watch to have its entrails readjusted, the engineer gives you a five-dollar silver one to wear in its stead. But when you leave your four-dollar bull's-eye that came over in the "Mayflower," the chronometrical machinist does not hand you out a fine gold ticker in its place by a very considerable.

THERE IS a man out in New Jersey so long-sighted that he keeps his hat-stand in the garret, so that burglars can't get at the overcoats. The other night they got in through the scuttle, and husked all the cloth and sealskin off it, and now that man won't trust it in the cellar with a bulldog hitched on to it. Every night, before bedtime, he lowers it into the sacred precincts of the ice-house.

## A RURAL JANITOR.

A certain lady up town has a charming country-seat down on Long Island, where she lives only during the summer months. At that time of the year when the fields are full of scent and tender monotonies of buzz, and ice is counterfeited and sold at ten cents per pound, this establishment is about as delightful a nest as the gentle writer of these lines ever found. The most poetic summer-resort notice ever written would not do it justice, for it would keep as far above the notice as Amontillado, warm with the fragrance of southern Spain, keeps above the cardinal lemonade peculiar to the canvas-backed colosseum.

In the winter time, when the kettledrum roll is called, and the reception blooms sweetly by the way, the cozy spot mentioned above is left in charge of an Anchorite, who makes a monthly visit to the city for the purpose of harvesting his shekels.

The other day he arrived and hived his ducats, after which mutually enjoyable proceeding his fair employer asked him how the place was looking and getting along, and he read the following report:

*Dec. 2nd.*—Fence blown down by a tornado. Had to hire a carpenter for two days, to make necessary repairs, at two dollars per diem.

*Dec. 4th.*—Painted the chicken-coop yellow, to harmonize with the fence. I thought we ought to have some primary colors around the place. In putting on the paint, I ruined a six-dollar pair of trousers.

*Dec. 6th.*—The ostrich got loose and ate up a box of Zoedone that you forgot to drink up last summer. Then he ate up the bottles, and was just preparing to swallow the astrachan door-mat on the stoop, when I appeared and chased him down the walk to the bathing-house and back to the road, up again on the stoop, when he flew through an open window into the boudoir furnished in Egyptian style, and disappeared up the chimney. I ran up to the roof to head him off, and, when I got there, lay down behind the chimney to be in readiness. Immediately after I saw him lying on the walk, inhaling gravel for an appetite. He had changed his mind and retreated down the chimney. Down I went and chased him across the mall, and, although I did my utmost to grab him, he managed to dodge around the statuary and get away. Got into an awful heat and caught cold. Doctor's bill, four dollars; medicine, two dollars.

*Dec. 14th.*—Gave a kettledrum to the local blue-fishers and clam-treaders; it was very swell. Paid two dollars out of my pocket to have the piano tuned. It was tuned from Tuneville, Tune County, and will be in prime condition for you next summer.

*Dec. 17th.*—Boiler burst in the kitchen. Called in a plumber, who worked at it two hours and charged me twenty-four dollars. This I paid reluctantly, on the ground that it was exorbitant. The plumber said he charged for his experience, and that, if called in, he always charged ten dollars whether he performed any rites or not.

*Dec. 25.*—Gave private theatricals. Played "Don Caesar de Bazan." I *Don Casared*. I am very *Don* when I'm feeling well; wore a pair of red suspenders and rubber boots. Cost ten dollars to put up a platform. Thought I would charge this, as the boards will do to work up into hen-coops,

When the crimson rosebud glowing  
The auroral dewdrop soaks,  
When the violet is blowing,  
And the crocus gently croaks.

*Dec. 28th.*—Wind blew down the wire-work and let the reindeers out, and smashed the peacocks against the barn, and swamped the gondola, and pulled the cast-iron greyhound out of

the lawn by the roots. But I got everything fixed at a cost of ten dollars.

*Dec. 29th.*—Cleaned out the cellar, and polished the piano-legs.

Here is the cost.

<i>Dec. 2nd.</i> —Fixing fence.....	\$ 4.00
" 4th.—Trousers ruined painting chicken-coop.	6.00
" 6th.—Doctor's bill and medicine occasioned by the ostrich-hunt.....	6.00
" 14th.—Having piano tuned for kettledrum...	2.00
" 17th.—To the plumber, for doing nothing to the boiler .....	24.00
" 25th.—Putting up platform for "Don Caesar de Bazan".....	10.00
" 28th.—Capturing reindeers, painting gondola and replanting iron dog.....	10.00
	<hr/> \$62.00

Then the rural janitor closed the book and put it in his pocket, and the lady said:

"You're a regular war-horse!"

"Why so, ma'am?"

"Why, because you charge so well."

"I used to sweep a bank out."

"That's all right," she broke in, pleasantly: "it is the president who cleans the bank out without a broom who understands the mysteries of arithmetic. Will you take the amount of your expenditure in gold or currency?"

"Currency!"

"'Tis well."

She quickly handed him the money, and, as he slipped it into his pocket, she said:

"Now, then, I have got for your Christmas an ebony writing-desk, a gold pen, a pair of foils, Macaulay's 'History of England,' a pair of majolica vases, Lang's 'Ballades in Blue China,' a velvet doublet, of the Elizabethan period, 'Tennyson's Poems,' and an army overcoat that my brother wore through only two campaigns. And now I wish you would just step down into the kitchen and drink a small bottle of wine, and then descend to the cellar, and take a handful of diamonds out of the bin on the left-hand side as you look north."

Ten minutes later she said, as she saw him move down the street:

"He wasted his natural ability and opportunities. If he had gone to a good university and studied clinical plumbing, and got some contracts out of the city, he would not own simply a brown-stone front, but a whole block, and he'd live in a palace and give Japanese kettledrums four times a week."

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

## NOSES AND NAMES.

A STUDY IN CHIROGRAPHY AND RACE CHARACTER.



## THE SLIPPERY WALK.

A pedestrian was traveling along the street at a pretty rapid rate the other day, as though in the act of missing a ferryboat, when he put his foot on a portion of the pavement which happened to be as smooth as an agent's story, and as slippery as the agent; the walk immediately seemed to shoot out in front of him so fast that he couldn't keep up with it, and the result was, he attempted to break the curb with his back, but didn't succeed.

When the gentle echo died away, a man standing on the corner slapped his hands on his sides, and laughed so loud that he almost disturbed the peace.

"That is always the way," yelled the man, as he got on his feet: "if a person meets with an accident, he is laughed at by people who will sit through a minstrel show without a smile. Everybody seems to think that pain is humor, and humor is pain. If I could only fall like that at will, without pain, I believe I'd make a fortune as a comic lecturer; and I firmly believe, if the truth were known, Charles Lamb so directed his philosophy and humor that it produced on the mind of the reader the same effect as that which moves the bystander when he sees a man fall off a house."

"I was not laughing at you, sir."

"No; I suppose you were not. It is my opinion that you were laughing at some joke you heard at a country minstrel show when you were a boy; or at the neat manner in which the canvas man, as you were about to crawl under the circus tent, came up with a club and struck you for the admission fee."

"No, sir; you are wrong. I was not laughing at that, nor at you, either."

"Do you ever laugh like that just for the fun of the thing, or to give yourself an appetite, or does your doctor order you to do it to make your mind active and keep you from falling asleep?"

"Wrong again."

"I am not naturally very curious, as I take after my father, but I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll treat you if you'll tell me what you were laughing at."

"All right. I was just thinking about the peculiar mildness of the weather, and the amount of money skate and sleigh-makers must be losing, when my mind was illuminated by a lovely picture."

"Hang it on the walls of my soul, opposite the dormer-window, that the rays of sunset may gild it with a flood of melancholy gold."

"Well, I saw a couple being married in a church. It was intensely swell. The man was slightly round-shouldered, and looked as though this imperfection might be the result of having been a professional bundle-carrier. When the ceremony was half through, a Skye terrier came out of the vestry-room and commenced frolicking around the groom, who stood it with great presence of mind, and pretended that he was not aware of the animal's pranks. But the dog wouldn't stop, he went right on as though under contract; nothing seemed to disconcert him. He seemed to say: 'I guess I'll see the circus out, from the grand cavalcade of nations to the great concert that follows the trick-mule.' Finally, the groom lost all his patience and self-possession, and let out his right foot as hard as he could drive it, and caught the dog in the ribs and sent him flying through the air with a yell that trailed behind him like a kite-tail."

"Did the people laugh and think it the funniest thing they ever saw or heard of?"

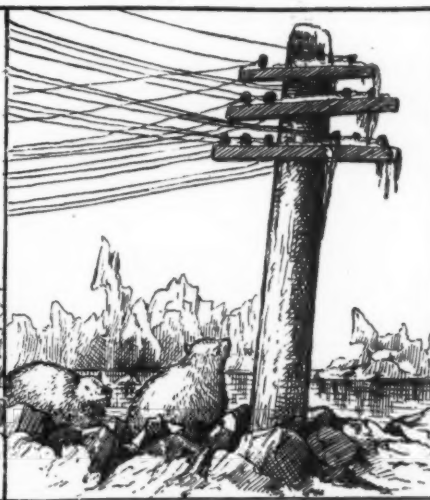
"Not at all; they were perfectly serious, and thought it served the dog right for trying to disturb the serenity of a peaceful wedding. But when the dog struck the wall, and bounded back, landing on the bishop's head, and taking off his wig, and caroming on the rector, and



## IF THE NORTH POLE WERE DISCOVERED—



This is one thing that it might come to.



Monopolists might seize it, and a polar bear would look twice before rubbing himself against it.



Most likely it would soon lose its identity.



We would get only one-half. John Bull would claim the other—perhaps the Lion's share—



If relic-hunters didn't get ahead—



And leave nothing for late visitors but the pleasure of taking soundings of the hole.

pocketing himself in the baptismal font, and jumping on the best man's head with the intention of stringing for a fresh lead, I thought it was about time for me to laugh, if the congregation wouldn't. So I commenced to laugh as hard as I could; and I hadn't got off more than two or three bars before you came along and tried to spoil the sidewalk by jumping up in the air and adroitly turning, so that you might come down on your back. I wouldn't do such a thing for a thousand dollars, and you did it for nothing. Have you any objections to doing it again? I am so sick of laughing that I'd like to feel sad."

"I didn't fall that time for fun."

"No, I suppose not; you don't look like an amateur in any respect. I presume you make a living out of that sort of thing, and that that time you just fell for practice. I suppose you fall from grace twice a week to keep yourself in a state of perfection. You have a perfect right to fall, haven't you?"

"I have."

"And it is also my prerogative, this being a free country, to laugh?"

"It is."

"Then why did you get mad when I laughed? I am sure I didn't get deranged when you disturbed my laughter by trying to break your back. Do you always fall down like that when you see people laughing?"

"No, sir."

"That shows your good sense. If you do it

only at intervals, to satisfy a craving, it is excusable, and should be overlooked like the average weaknesses of mankind. I will laugh again if you wish to indulge. Now, then, get into position. Here we go! One, two, three—

## "WHAT IS THAT?"

"What is that, mother, that comes from the urn,  
Fragrant and strong, as we get it in turn?"  
"An infusion of leaves from far Cathay,  
Leaves of the alder and leaves of the bay,  
With a twang, and full flavored, just as it should be,  
And I think that there may be some leaves of the tea."

"What is that, mother, so coldly blue,  
Like a wintry sky of azure hue?"  
"That is milk of the city, that mixture, my dear,  
The milk of the chalk-pit and pump that is near,  
That would not be owned by a sensible cow,  
For she never could make it—she wouldn't know how."

"What is that, mother, yellow as gold?"  
"Butter, my boy; not the butter of old.  
In the hey-day of youth, we said 'tit for tat,'  
'Twas a prophecy when we said 'butter' for 'fat';  
That is butter, to those whom the scoffer calls green;  
To the elect, it is oilymargarine."

"What is that, mother?" "Tis the pepper of trade,  
But the Lord only knows of what it is made;  
Of roasted meal, of dust and peas,  
With a dash of cayenne, to make one sneeze;  
It is hot and strong, but it's rather queer.  
Of the ground pepper-corn, there is none of it here."

E. LAWSON FENERTY.

ba! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha!— Why don't you fall?"

"I can't!"

"Ah, you can't! Well, I'm accommodating; I'll help you. Just stand upon that barrel, and I'll kick it from under you. As you feel it shoot out, you must jump in the air backward. Which do you prefer landing on—stone or iron? Or would you like the owner of this building to let you dive off the roof?"

The champion faller didn't know exactly what to say, and the other, noticing this, said:

"Well, never mind; some other time. But, now that I have told you the cause of my laughter, you must treat me, as you promised."

"All right, sir, all right—with pleasure."

And he drew from his pocket a little straw-colored flask and handed it to the treatee, who took a long draught, and made a face that would secure any comedian a fortune in two weeks, if he could do it on the stage.

The champion faller had given his friend a drink of the kerosene that he carried around with him to make his hair grow. M.

ONE THING in the Guiteau trial was entirely overlooked. The defense ought to have subpoenaed Julius Caesar's assassins, to see what they thought about it. It would have been proper to have postponed the trial until the gentlemen were found. Some of them have been missing since 44 B. C.

## AN OPEN LETTER TO A. ZERO.

*Returning "Martin's Translation of Horace."*

My dear Thermometer:

I return your Greely, or, more classically speaking, your volume, containing the unique writings of the late Q. H. Flaccus, Esq. I had a splendid time with it. I used to lie on the floor and kick my heels in the air with pure delight while perusing its flowery pages. The translations are admirable, and it is only fair to presume that Martin has an enthusiastic appreciation of the Roman bard, and is, moreover, a man of considerable culture and intelligence.

It is not unfair to conclude that much of the deathless glory—at least, three-quarters of it—that wreathes the name of Horace is owing to the fact that he had little else to do than thrum the divine banjo and allow the immortal foliage to accumulate around his temples. He didn't have to get up at six in the morning, and go down to the office of a daily paper, and lie around a shabby den, smoking bad cigars, until two P. M., waiting for the city editor to assign him to report a wedding or a dog-fight. And he never had to edit baseball copy, or cut exchanges, or turn out sonnets, with the foreman sitting on his back waiting for them, or call on a Senator, after the latter had retired for the night, to get his views on the political outlook.

I like his picture, by Kurtz, which appears on the front page, very much. It gives one a good idea of the great poet's personal appearance, and, though not an adept in phrenology, I feel certain there is nothing about the formation of the head to indicate the murderer. It is the calm, reflective face of the student; but it would look better, it seems to me, if he had worn something more on his face, in the way of hair, than a goatee. However, we all have our peculiarities; I can raise money more easily than a goatee. The buckle on the Horatian ulster is the correct style, and shows that if the owner were living now he would be either a variety actor or the advance agent of the greatest aggregation of shows on earth.

I used to have a great liking for Q. H. F., B. C. 8, etc., when at school, and I remember with great pleasure the mingled feelings of joy and pride that pervaded my system when I was awarded the prize for the best Latin ode—a performance of about fifty lines, called "Carmen Cockalorum." This was some years before I entered the circus ring of thought. It would afford me intense rapture to print it here for your edification and amusement, but this the editor will not allow, on the ground that it would not be generally understood and appreciated. I would render it into our own dear Anglo-Saxon, if it could possibly be done; but it can't. My Latin, like Gautier's French and Heine's German, is peculiarly subtle in its gentle blendings of harmony, soul and color,

and must, therefore, lose much of its real meaning and beauty by translation.

I suppose you consider me an unmitigated crank for not returning the book sooner, as well as for not calling on you. I didn't stay away because I am proud—it was all owing to the fact that your baby had chromotina. I once thought it would be a good idea to stand somewhere near your house, and hand you the book on the end of a pole; but I couldn't find one long enough. I don't know whether I ever

give him jam and pickled onions, two of my then reigning weaknesses, and he would lie there and eat them, as happy as a king, while I would be hustled out to fetch in wood, and do all his work; as well as my own. But if I couldn't become incarnadined by disease, I could, at least, make a humble attempt at procuring happiness—for I was haughty and full of ambition. So I donned a pair of red suspenders, and wore my overcoat inside out, and went down in a field, where a bull tossed me up in a tree, and waited patiently below

for me to come down; but, like the rural subscriber, I wouldn't.

Everything is about the same down here. We are all blooming, and scattering our sweets upon the idle wind, when the boy happens to leave the window open.

Now, I trust this explanation of my absence will be satisfactory, and that you will not regard me in the light of an umbrella thief because I kept your book so long. I know book-borrowers are a hard lot; but, if I remember rightly, you offered to lend me the works of the man who was spread out on the Esqueline.

R. K. M.

## CHANGED.

Beneath the apple boughs  
Fond lovers made their vows,  
And milkmaids milked the cows.

And squirrels roamed around  
Upon the grassy ground,  
And dodged the watchful hound.

But now no lover's there,  
Nor milkmaids passing fair,  
With very scarlet hair.

Those very apple boughs  
Hear no fond lover's vows,  
Nor see the sleepy cows.

And this is all owing to the simple fact that the lover has gone to the city, and is working in a dry-goods store for a few dollars per week; and the milkmaid is working around the house for all she is worth; and the cows have been killed for the winter, and are hanging out in the shed waiting for the first kind cold snap to freeze them, so that they won't have to be salted down.

No, sir; you are wrong; this is not the proper time to save up for a summer suit; this is the time to buy one, as it now can be had for almost nothing. About the fifteenth of July, when the jay-bird is fluttering around the hedge, and the sharper is selling a vile stew under the banner of chowder, is the proper time to purchase skates, buffalo-ropes, sealskin sacques, gloves and hot lemonade. But at this time you

should think of nothing but straw hats, dusters, white duck vests and uppers, ice-cream and country board. You might also hire your sail-boat during the cold snap, because when there is no demand for a thing it is cheap. The only thing that is dear when there is no demand for it is a swallowtail coat, or a dog.

Now the banjo's thumbed by Manual,  
Now we wear our scarlet flannual,  
While the lady pets her spanual,  
And reads with pleasure PUCK's last ANNUAL.

## THE FIRST SNOW.



Young Guffin has bought a new sleigh,  
And a high-stepping, sleek, dapple greigh.  
With crimson plush cushion,  
And bells à la Russian,  
White bear-skin—what can be more geigh?

His joy now has reached its full height,  
For his Carrie, so winsome and bright,  
Reclines in the cutter—  
His heart all a-flutter;  
He's off—a delectable seight.

For a race he now tightens his rein;  
But his gallant steed struggles in vein.  
"It's disgusting," says Carrie:  
"That Tom, Dick and Harry  
Should pass us. Catch me here again!"

JABEZ GRABOO.



scarlet fevered or not, and I cannot find out. I can remember once, though, when my brother had it, and he got so red that he looked like a combination of flag and autumn. I used to fool around him to try to catch it, so that I might be red and look like an Indian, as I was then a ripe dime-novel student. But the more I fooled around, the more I didn't seem to catch it, and I envied my brother in a manner which aroused the righteous indignation of my Sunday-school teacher, who called around to see him. And people used to come in and



## V. HUGO DUSENBURY.



## HIS PARTNER.

HARLEM, January 9th, 1882.

EDITOR PUCK—DEAR SIR:

Permit me to introduce to you my partner in the poetical business, Mr. Oscar Wilde. He is on a business trip to this country, and will boom poetry generally during his stay. Whatever you can do to make his visit agreeable or profitable I shall regard as a favor to me.

With high esteem, I am yours sincerely,

V. HUGO DUSENBURY,  
Professional Poet.

Introducing Mr. Oscar Wilde.

[Private Letter Inclosed.]

HARLEM, Jan. 6th, '82.

ED. PUCK—DEAR SIR:

I want to set you straight on this Wilde matter, and give you a good point at the same time. If you will kindly remember, Oscar and I went into partnership last summer. We have been doing a large and steadily increasing business ever since. It has been principally for foreign consumption, and has been mostly of an æsthetic character, to suit the prevailing tendency of the English market. That is the reason that your columns have gloomed under a temporary absence of my poetical illumination. I understand that your circulation has been greatly depressed in consequence—but let that pass.

At present—I don't want to give away the secrets of the partnership; but this is business between you and me—at present there is a quiet and private temporary dissolution of the partnership between Wilde and myself.

It is only a temporary arrangement, and grows entirely out of Wilde's greed. He refuses to divide the profits of his lecture-tour with me, which is something which I can only characterize as stingy. I divided up with him most equitably on several little Sunday-school jobs which I took in on this side.

Now, I wish it to be distinctly understood that the old Dusebury is not going to get left in any transaction with a six-by-nine English poet. I propose to make my stake out of this firm, if I have to turn the whole force of my business capacity and poetical genius right on the subject. Here is my proposition.

Don't buy any verse of that man Wilde. He charges altogether too much. You don't want to pay \$5 a line for anything that he can grind out. It is n't worth it, to begin with, and you can get better for less. Besides, his selling you poetry under any circumstances would be a clear violation of our articles of partnership. If you make any engagement with him, I shall feel it my duty to sue out an injunction restraining you from publishing his productions.

If your soul is yearning after that kind of verse, I will furnish you with it. I know the whole process of manufacture, and I can give you an article vastly superior to Wilde's at a merely nominal price—25 cents a line, 10% off for cash.

If you have any doubts of my ability to fill the bill, just cast your editorial eye over this little sample:

The sordid world grows cumbersome,  
And oh, the smell of the marjoram!  
My weary soul is slumbersome,  
And her corpse went over the miller's dam!  
My soul is weary of sage and rue;  
Camomile flowers are tasteless, too.

I am too weary utterly,  
Her corpse went over the miller's dam!  
And folks address me tut-tut-erly—  
And oh, the smell of the marjoram.  
I never had nothing to do with her,  
But I am quite utterly utter.

That is Wilde's plain old mediæval style. Being perfectly incomprehensible, it is eminently calculated to be popular. Then he has another style, which is not of much use in this country, being purely local. It consists wholly in abusing England from a highly patriotic standpoint. For instance, something like this:

This land is sunk in bitterness of lowness,  
And I alone proclaim it foully deathful;  
It lacks essentially get-up-and-go-ness,  
I cry with voice both vigorous and breathful,  
Give me the Erinnyes and old Tydeus' child—  
I am discontented, classic, vague and Wilde.

Wilde has a third style. I do not, myself, think it has much grip on the public taste; but if you hanker after any of it, I can supply you by the yard. It is a grand, gloomy and peculiar style, and does n't mean much; but it is more or less taking with the uncultured. It may be called the mediæval classic, or almost anything else. "Anything else" would perhaps be most appropriate.

This will give you an idea of it:

Through fragrant woods where dim Arsinoë  
Passes; where bloom of blossom and of bud;  
And perilous passes of Pasiphaë  
Make glad the excessive glamour of the blood;  
Where Cretan columns raise the pavillon,  
And blue-veined dappledness of sky survenes,  
I hear the thunder of the prandial gong,  
And all my soul goes out to other sweetly precious scenes.

If you want to deal with any one on this Wilde scheme, deal with me. I am the real lively business partner in the firm, and if I can't suit you in this line I will poet half-a-year free, and throw in a Fourth of July poem.

Yours on a business basis,

V. HUGO DUSENBURY,  
Professional Poet.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10th, 1882.

V. Hugo Dusebury, Esq.—Dear Sir:

We have charged your % for the above advertisement at the same old rates, less 25% for your commission. Please reimburse yourself from Mr. Wilde's manager.

Yours truly,

PUBLISHERS PUCK.

## RHYMES OF THE DAY.

## COUPLETS.

## FASHION.

Society has made a fiat,  
That every Briton wears a 'igh 'at.

\* \* \*

## THE COMIC PAPER.

Our Yankee PUCK, a very merry elf,  
Can't put a girdle even round himself.

ALCIBIADES ZERO.

## EVEN SO.

There is a lover in the meadow,  
There is a lover on the lawn;  
Meanwhile, she wishes one in Yeddo—  
The other one in pawn.

A coquette she—a subtle, heartless,  
Sweet attractrix of the youth;  
But her papa's boot, though artless,  
Is uncouth.

EDWARD WICK.

## TO EULALIE.

No, fair Eulalie; you are wrong in your conjecture about editors always being behind with their copy. And if you will lay your dainty little ear over a little, we will take pleasure in whispering the secret of our method to you.

That's right, dear; but don't get your ear quite so close. There, that's more like it.

We always have our copy in—poems, essays, sketches and editorials—by Monday afternoon. We don't have to hand it in until Friday or Saturday; but we work hard one day, and spend the rest of the week doing nothing, and we call in guests to help us.

The foreman will cheerfully testify on oath that he never had to ask for copy, and that he has frequently received it so fast that, after filling both hands, he has gone to the composing-room with an extra stack of poetry in his mouth.

We have often had all the compositors going like race-horses, and had to erect a couple of temporary cases under umbrellas out on the roof. Behind! Why, bless your dear soul, we sometimes get so far ahead that we are told to stop, for fear the events we write on will be old by the time they can be got in the paper. We have about four tons of standing type all the time, and a stretch of galley that runs the whole length of the room, where it is wound round a pillar, tied in a bow-knot, and continued back to the other end, where it is lost from view behind an army overcoat presented to Fitznoodle by some New Jersey farmers, in consideration of a brilliant speech he made last autumn at one of their fairs.

We were once on a paper out West, where no one turned in copy until it was time to go to press. The English language is very large and broad in certain parts, and admits of a great deal, and is teeming with possibilities, but it can not be so twisted and fondled and chucked under the chin as to give anything like a true picture of the scene in that office when the paper was ready to go to press.

The editors used to keep the typos in a great nest fastened down with weights, so that they couldn't get out of it to save their lives, and when any one went near them they would look up and open their mouths like birdlings. Then the editor would drop poems, sketches and so forth into them, and, when they were fat enough to be safe, they were allowed to go to work on them. Now, gentle Eulalie, by your soft pansy eyes, and gold hair, and taper fingers, and rosebud mouth, and ivory neck, give us an easier one.

But, sweet Eulalie, if you wish to hear the summer birds twittering about you, if you wish to hear the brooks rippling over the stones, the gentle winds sighing through the leafy boughs, the angel harmonies pealing through the iridescent clouds, the voices of the peris hymning their matin song beyond the gates of Paradise, the awful melody of the rolling thunder, the plaintive bleat of the innocent lamb on the windy lea, the tinkling of the music-boxes of Paris, the low-attuned voice of love, the coo of doves in immemorial elms, the ripple of waves on the sun-kissed shores of the Pacific, the music of the organ in the vast cathedral nave, the rush and roar of the mad hurricane upon the Western prairies, the monotonous croak of the bull-frogs in the pond, and the wail of the whangdoodle mourning for her young—

READ PUCK'S ANNUAL.

"COLD HANDS and a warm heart," so runs the adage: but cold pipes and a warm cistern are not so bad.—  
N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Neither are warm ice-cream and cold oyster-stews at receptions.



EAST—KEEPING WITHIN THE LAW.

ALL THE DIFF



A political cartoon by John T. McCarty. The central figure is a man with a large, bulbous nose, wide eyes, and a top hat. He is holding a large, dark, and bloody cloth or flag. To his left, a crowd of men in suits and hats are gathered, some holding up the cloth. The background shows a city street with buildings. The cartoon is signed 'McCarty' in the bottom right corner.

## WEST—DEFYING THE LAW.

## AMUSEMENTS.

Edouard Reményi to-night, at STEINWAY HALL, gives a violin recital without adventitious aids. Pianos, bands of music, fog-horns, calliopes and vocal music will be at a discount, except the necessary large audience, which, of course, will not allow itself to be dispensed with. This is Reményi fiddling all alone.



The CASINO provides for its patrons an entertainment, by Hague's British Operatic Minstrels, which is joyful, cheerful and bountiful.

The last week of "The Major," at Harrigan and Hart's THEATRE COMIQUE, is announced. But it will only be withdrawn in favor of something quite as entertaining.

Mr. Oscar Wilde delivered a lecture on "The English Renaissance," at CHICKERING HALL, on Monday night last. We shall probably deliver a lecture on Mr. Oscar Wilde next week.

The Tourists in the Pullman Palace Car have succeeded the Chanfraus at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE, and have also succeeded in finding numbers of people to smile at their antics.

"Patients; or Bunion Salve's Bride" is the chief dish at the temple of our dusky friends, BIRCH & BACKUS'S MINSTRELS, and on the same table are a great many side dishes and trimmings equally toothsome.

"The World," at HAVERLY'S THEATRE, Brooklyn, with its explosions, lunatic asylums and sensational effects, is civilizing the Brooklynites. It is the best drama of its kind that has been, for many years, on the American stage.

Mlle. Juliette Laurence, the Rainer family, Mlle. Julia de Bertrand and the Ladies' Philharmony is the legend that stares us in the face every night at KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL, and a very good legend, too, and not by any means legendary.

It is the fashion to make fun of mothers-in-law, and the PARK THEATRE is encouraging the public to make as much fun as possible out of its "Mother-in-Law." Perhaps, with the exception of PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1882, it is the mirthfullest thing out.

"The Passing Regiment," at DALY'S THEATRE, continues to parade to the tune of delighted thousands. All who belong to the N. G., and who have martial aspirations, as well as those who don't, should lose no time in listening to one of the most amusing military pieces ever produced.

The Comley-Barton Company has again found its way to the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE with "Olivette," including Catherine Lewis, John Howson, Fred Leslie, Marie Jansen and a chorus of seventy-five voices. Friday night was the benefit of Miss Fanny Davenport, who appeared in Alexander Dumas's "Lionette."

Miss Mary Anderson has won, at BOOTH'S THEATRE, both golden and silveren dollern opinions by her artistic performances. She plays *Julia*, in "The Hunchback," during this week, and will appear, at the Saturday matinee, in "Pygmalion and Galatea," and in the evening, for the first time in New York, in "The Daughter of Roland."

We have not yet calculated how many times "Esmeralda," at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, has been played, but it cannot be far from a hundred. However, we have fixed on the house and lot on Fifth Avenue that are to be handed to us, in common with the rest of the audience, at the hundredth representation.

The advent of Mr. Oscar Wilde has given a fresh boom to "Patience," at the STANDARD THEATRE, and Messrs. Lonsdale and Morse have already caught the aesthetic fever. Mr. Wilde graced a chair in a box the other night, and remarked, *a la Rochefoucauld*, when *Bunthorne* came on the stage and he recognized his caricature: "This is the homage that mediocrity pays to something that is not mediocre."

In Charleston, Rossi, last week, played the last scene of the 4th act of "Lear," speaking the lines in *English*. It was quite a surprise to everyone, and the success was immense. Rossi will always play this scene henceforth in *English*, and will probably perform the whole of the 5th act also in *English*, during his approaching engagement at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC in New York, which begins January 17th.

The seven Juliets are gone. Some of them have retired, some have married, and some are playing other parts. But Miss Mary Anderson has triumphantly passed through the ordeal, and, at BOOTH'S, this week, is drawing crowded houses. How does she do it? We can not say. Her agent, the veracious Mr. Ernest Harvier, however, suggests an explanation that the public is in love with the young lady. This is probably the truth in a nutshell. Not otherwise can PUCK explain its proceedings.

The opening of a new theatre is always an interesting event, and up-town WALLACK'S first night was no exception to the rule. A large audience was present, and the "School for Scandal" was presented in an effective manner. The first impression on entering the new house was, that the old one had been removed up-town; but the brighter gilt, the deeper red and more comfortable seats soon dispelled the illusion. Lester Wallack was almost concealed from view by flowers, previously showered on him by his friends. He made a few appropriate remarks, as did Mr. Gilbert.

## Answers for the Anxious.

J. B. WAXON.—Disrespectfully declined.

HAZELTINE.—Get her a couple of clubs—No. 2's.

J. H. TAYLOR.—You are not supremely, perhaps; but oh, how quite too all but! Sail in again, some time.

ROSSEA.—You are sweetly classic so far as your name goes; but your muse is a little too modern for us; and we should feel a certain delicacy about taking such liberties with the English language as you permit yourself in the last stanza of your poem:

"Wicked at heart, and bad in life,  
Holding another's life at a trife;  
We have all seen what a crank can do—  
To yourselves and God be true."

## LITERARY NOTES.

The *Christian Union* for January 5th appears with a new and artistic heading, and the substitution of Roman for Italic titles and head-lines throughout the paper. We hail the change in the appearance of the *Christian Union* with pleasure, the more because we feel that the world is better for the existence of our E. C. PUCK and the *Christian Union* are doing a great work, and we learn with feelings of brotherly joy of anything that testifies to our colleague's prosperity.

The Christmas number of the San Francisco *Wasp* is the best that this capital periodical has ever issued.

## DIDN'T WANT TO SELL.

The other day a man walked into a barber-shop, followed by a page, who deposited a portable table on the floor, and took from a satchel a number of tonsorial wares and arranged them on it with artistic care:

"This is pomade," said the visitor.

"I'm well supplied."

"This is bear's grease."

"I have more bear's grease than I can use for a year."

"Here is some fine bay rum."

"It no doubt is; but I make my own myself down in the cellar, and put on foreign labels. No one knows the difference, and I sell lots of it for presents."

The visitor, not in the least daunted, went on:

"Here is rosemary."

"That is for remembrance," softly cooed the tonsorial mower; "but I don't want any in mine, nor pansies for thoughts, nor cabbages for revery—Shakspeare, with variations."

"Here is cosmetic for the moustache."

"I know it is for the moustache, and also for the goatee, the imperial and the side-whiskers; but I am so thoroughly stocked and reeking with cosmetic at present that I am trying to use it up on the cat, which I frequently polish up like the bosom of a variety actor's diamond."

"Here is an electric brush, a triplex comb, a duplex elliptical hair-dye, an oxy-hydrogen lavender water, and a thermocauterized face-powder."

"I don't want any of them."

"I know you don't!"

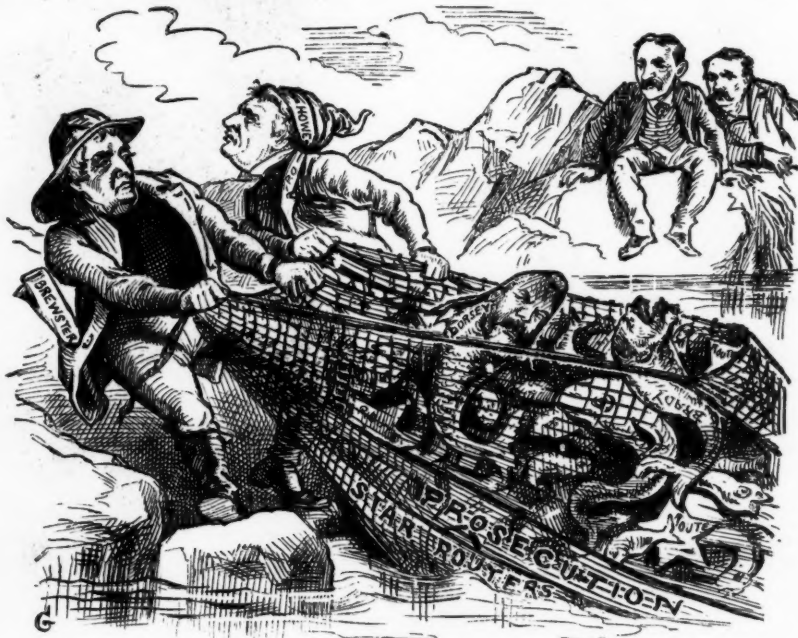
"Then why do you ask me to buy them?"

"I don't ask you to buy them. Did I say anything about you buying them?"

"Come to think of it, you didn't."

"You can just bet I didn't, for I didn't come in here to sell you anything. I came in to let you know that I possess all the toilet articles that the average gentleman needs. Now, don't try to sell me anything, or praise up your wares, and tell me that I ought to own a sample of each if I desire to be respected. I am stocked, stocked, stocked. Now give me an easy shave, without interrogation points."

## A BIG HAUL, IF THE NET ONLY HOLDS OUT.



OLD SECRETARIES TO THE NEW:—"Aha! guess you've bitten off more than you can chew!"



## MARRIED MISERIES.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK, BY ARTHUR LOT.

No. XXVI.—We Celebrate our Wooden Wedding.

Mrs. Lot has one very bad habit: she never will patronize the storekeepers in her neighborhood; she imagines that every article can be purchased to a better advantage in the city than it can in Plaintown, and that her husband is a pack-horse, whose chief duty in life is to bring home such household utensils as Mrs. Lot thinks she wants. Accordingly, one evening, as I was standing before the grate eagerly perusing the evening paper, I was disgusted, but not a bit astonished, by hearing Mrs. Lot direct me to bring her home, on the following day, a wooden bread-roller.

I laid down my paper, planted my foot firmly, and opened my mouth with the intention of indulging in some remarks appropriate to the soul-stirring subject, bread-rollers, when I was interrupted by my wife.

"There," said she: "if we must listen to a lecture or a dissertation on bread-rollers, I'll do without."

"Now, my dear," said I: "what I am going to say is very philosophical, and the conclusion will please you very much. Bread-rollers are not necessities; Eve did not use them."

"No," said my wife: "nor did she have a husband who could eat his weight in pie-crust."

"That's foreign to the question, my dear. She did not use them, and modern women should imitate her. That's true philosophy, isn't it, Blake?" said I, turning to that gentleman (one of her intimate friends,) who was spending the evening at our house.

"Oh, of course," replied he: "first-class philosophy."

Blake has a beastly habit of winking; and I think he winked at pretty Georgie. However, I turned to Mrs. Lot and continued my remarks:

"Besides, my dear, one week from to-day will be the anniversary of our wedding-day—commonly called the wooden wedding, and I think it would be proper for us to give a party, and then, perhaps, some one of your intimate friends will bring a roller."

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Lot: "that will be splendid. Won't it, Georgie?"

"Yes," said Georgie: "but I don't see that that is any reason why he shouldn't buy you a roller."

I am quite sure that Blake winked at her then. Anyhow, she said no more on the subject, and I was delighted to drop it then and there.

"We'll send the invitations to-morrow," said Mrs. Lot: "I think about forty. My dear," asked she, chucking me under the chin: "do you think forty will do?"

"Four hundred, if you like," replied I: "Looking at it in a business point of view, it is evident that the more people you ask the more presents you are likely to get."

Accordingly the women-folk spent the following day in writing and sending off the invitations; they prepared about fifty. In the evening, Blake came around to our house, and as Mrs. Lot was compelled, for some reason, to go into our next-door neighbor's house, Blake and Tom and Georgie finished the invitations, folded and enveloped them. I was reading the evening paper, but as I noticed that the folders were interrupted by peals of laughter, and as I always like to be on hand whenever anything funny is being said or done, I tried to enter

into the conversation; but, as soon as I approached them, they became as sedate as mice.

On the morning of the day before the wooden wedding, I met the young lady who visits our next-door neighbor.

"Well, Miss Hattie," asked I: "do you propose to attend my wedding reception to-morrow evening?"

"Of course," replied she, evidently restraining her laughter with difficulty: "Have you seen the invitations, Mr. Lot?" asked she, in a tone of simplicity.

"No," replied I: "but what of that?"

"Oh, nothing," replied she, and the laughter actually bubbled out of her.

Now, I like to see a woman smile, if she doesn't make grimaces, and I like to hear a woman laugh, if she doesn't chuckle or guffaw; but I also like to know what she is laughing about. It struck me, however, that I hadn't

itors began to arrive. It is curious how much more likely people are to attend a wooden than a silver wedding. Can it be that their hearts warm to the younger couple, or can it be that—No; I scorn the mercenary thought. Anyhow, whatever may have been the reason, every one whom we had invited, came to our wedding. We had arranged a room on the second floor, adjoining the dressing-rooms, for the reception of the presents, and had determined that, as soon as the last of our guests had arrived, we would visit the room *en masse*.

My little black-haired friend, Miss Hattie, had arrived early, and, as I liked her very much, I took an early opportunity of approaching her, in order to chat with her; but as soon as I came near her, she broke into a convulsion of laughter.

"In mercy's name, Miss Hattie," exclaimed I: "what is there so funny about me?"

"Oh, don't—don't ask me!" and then she went off into another convulsion.

"Really," thought I, as I walked away: "the girl is demented, or else there is something odd about my costume."

I walked at once to the mirror. There I observed the manly form on which I had so often gazed, clad, so far as I could see, in faultless attire. I concluded that the girl must be demented. As the guests arrived, however, I noticed that they all entered the room with their faces covered with broad grins, and that they were comparing their invitations. It struck me at once that there was some connection between that performance and Miss Hattie's laughter; besides, she had asked me if I had seen the invitations. Could it be possible, thought I, that that rascal, Blake, had put something ridiculous in the invitations? I edged my way toward several of the groups; but as soon as I approached them, the invitations were hastily pocketed, and, though my friends still smiled, they conversed with me on general subjects. I glanced at Mrs. Lot, but that lady was evidently in blissful ignorance of the cause of our friends' laughter, whatever it might be.

"Well," remarked I, to myself: "it's bound to come out, sooner or later, and I'll patiently bide my time."

Presently the last of the expected guests entered the room, laughing, of course. Then it was suggested that we should go up-stairs and examine the presents. Blake urged that he should lead the procession, and that Mrs. Lot and I should bring up the rear, and everybody assented to that

arrangement. As one by one the people entered the room, we could hear peal after peal of laughter issue therefrom. Mrs. Lot looked at me and I looked at her, but we said not a word, for each felt that there was some huge joke impending.

We entered the room among our laughing friends, and there, spread out on the table, were fifty bread-rollers! Everybody present had brought a bread-roller. Every person in the room except Mrs. Lot and myself went into convulsions of laughter. No one appreciates fun more than I do, but I certainly did not laugh then and there.

I simply said:

"My friends, I thank you for your kind attendance here this evening, and for the presents you have made to my wife. I must add that your minds have run to bread-rollers with an unanimity which must have made a corner in

## A USELESS WARNING.



ELDERLY LADY:—"Beautifully written—but very small! Let me see—B-e be, w-a-r-e, were—beware—of—what? Oh! p-a-i-n-t—paint—Goodness me!"

seen the invitations, and, though I could not believe that there was anything so irresistibly comic about them, still I resolved that I would interview Mrs. Lot on the subject. When I called that good woman's attention to the matter, however, and asked her what Miss Hattie could have meant, she was so evidently at a loss to account for that young lady's performance that I concluded that Miss Hattie was guying me, and accordingly dismissed the matter from my mind.

The eventful Thursday was a charming day. I brought home to my wife a very neat wooden cuckoo clock, with which she was much pleased, and with which Georgie was absolutely delighted. I made up my mind, from the expression of Georgie's countenance, that poor Tom's pocket would soon be depleted of an amount of money sufficient to purchase just such another love of a clock. Finally the vis-

that useful article, and which might suggest that I keep a bakery."

Just then Miss Hattie handed me one of the invitations, and I read at the bottom: "Please bring a bread-roller." Then I knew that my own household, and not my friends, was to blame. I looked very severely at Georgie, and continued:

"The truth is, my friends, that my wife is so constantly worrying me about bread-rollers, that I resolved that on this occasion she should have a supply."

"You've got a sure thing on pie-crust now," said Blake.

I paid no attention to this remark, but led the way down-stairs.

Once in the parlors, I felt that I must set the ball in motion, especially as Mrs. Lot's spirits were somewhat damped, so I directed the fiddlers to rosin their bows, and led Miss Hattie out for a dance. Then everybody else did likewise, and the affair started fairly, and it was kept up at a vigorous rate till supper-time. I devoted myself to Miss Hattie, because I saw that it worried Blake, who was evidently very much taken with her charms.

"Look here, Lot," said he, savagely: "I wish you'd leave a girl for me to dance with."

"Try a bread-roller," suggested I.

I would not approach Georgie, and she evidently suffered severely on account of her practical joke. She was quite morose and solemn, for she had supposed that Mrs. Lot and I would take the whole matter as a joke; but, finding that we took it seriously, and being a tender-hearted young woman, she was in trouble. Besides, I had always paid her so much attention that she quite missed me. I would not go near her, however, and did not even speak to her till after supper. The party became very jolly at supper—a little wine will make a man good-natured—and I was compelled to endure any number of jokes about bread-rollers, and was flooded with suggestions as to the uses to which I could put them; but I bore all those things calmly and complacently, and parried their jokes, when I could, and when I couldn't, took them like a man without flinching; but it wasn't pleasant, I assure you, and though I was outwardly calm and courteous, I was inwardly very sore.

When we had returned to the parlor, Georgie approached me.

"Mr. Lot," said she, in quite a plaintive way.

"Well?" said I, looking at her solemnly.

"I'm so sorry," said she.

"Thank you," replied I: "That's valuable, now."

"You really can't believe that I intended to offend you."

"I really do."

"But I wouldn't dream of such a thing. I meant it as a joke, and I thought you would take it as a joke."

"Which I didn't."

"No," said she: "and that is what has hurt my feelings, that you should believe that I would wound you intentionally."

"Well, Georgie," said I: "let's say no more about it."

"And you'll forgive me?"

"I'll forgive you."

"From your heart?"

"From my heart."

"Then dance with me now."

So I danced with her, and she found a way of convincing me that she was not so heartless as to knowingly inflict pain, and our peace was made. How she settled the matter with Mrs. Lot I don't know; but she certainly enjoyed the latter part of the evening much better than she did the first part.

In the morning we held a council of war over the bread-rollers. It was finally deter-

mined that the only thing we could do with them was to use them for kindling-wood, and I accordingly conveyed forty-eight of them to the wood-shed. I am now watching my opportunity to pay off Blake's trick with interest, and, as he seems to be very affectionate toward Miss Hattie, I think he will soon give me the coveted opportunity.

#### A WARNING FROM THE SAWDUST RING.

The other day, in Union Square,  
I met my old friend Brown;  
His face was deeply lined with care,  
He seemed all broken down,  
And yet he used to be a most  
Successful circus clown.

"Why aren't you on the road?" asked I.

He turned on me a gaze  
Of sad surprise, then heaved a sigh,  
And said: "Alas! the days  
When I could get a date are gone;  
Or, as they say in plays,

"I lag superfluous on the stage!"

"Why, nonsense, Brown," said I:

"You surely have not reached the age  
At which a man should die?"

"I've reached the age," quoth he: "at which  
The sawdust will not fly!"

"It happened in this wise," said Brown:

"For twenty years or more  
I earned my living as a clown,  
Repeating o'er and o'er  
The anticipated jokes you heard  
When in your pinafore.

"At last it came into my head  
'Twould be a glorious thing  
If something novel could be said  
Within a circus ring—

A brand-new joke I therefore tried,  
One luckless day, to sing.

"And this is why you see me here;

For, when that joke they heard,  
The people rose up on their ear,  
As by one impulse stirred,  
And threatened there to mob the show—  
They did, upon my word!

"And since that day I've tried in vain

My business to pursue,  
For all the managers explain  
That it would never do  
To have a circus clown who once  
Had got off something new!"

—N. Y. Clipper.

#### THE PILGRIMS.

Mark Twain's Speech at the Philadelphia Banquet.

The humorist's speech was greeted with frequent bursts of applause. "Mr. President," he began, referring to several compliments tendered him as he was introduced: "I thank you cordially for these kind and well-deserved compliments paid me, and I shall ever strive to deserve them. But let us come down to business. I now appear before you as a protestor. I have kept still for years and years—anybody knows that; but I want to ask, What do you want to celebrate your ancestors for? I admit that they were a hard lot. I refer more particularly to the 'Mayflower' gang. My friend on the left here says that you are not celebrating the Pilgrim Fathers, but their landing at Plymouth Rock. I thought the first pretext was thin, but this one is thinner. The first one was gauze, tin-foil, tissue, but this one is gold-leaf. What was there about the landing of the Pilgrims? They had been three or four months at sea; they were all played out and nearly starved; it was fearful cold, and they

were nearly frozen. Why shouldn't they land? If they hadn't landed there would have been some reason for a celebration. Now you try to make out that this simple proceeding was of enough importance to be celebrated with orgies like this. Why, a horse would have known enough to land! Therefore, this festival is an inconsistency, and it shows just what an irascible, intractable tribe the New Englanders are. They never agree on anything but Boston. Those ancestors of yours must have been a mighty hard lot, for there is not a man in this room who will admit that he is better than his father or his grandfather. Such of you as have not been in the penitentiary—if such there be—are all better than your fathers. You may talk about your ancestry as you please, but as for me I am a border ruffian, a Missourian by birth, with Connecticut as my adopted State. I have the morals of Missouri and the culture of Connecticut, and that's the combination that makes a perfect man.

"Where is my ancestor, the good Indian? Your ancestors skinned him alive, and I am an orphan. Not a drop of my blood runs in his veins to-day, but I don't object to that. They skinned him alive. Ah! that's the thought that rankles. He was a sensitive Indian, and his embarrassment before the world must have been very great. If he had been a bird, he would have been considered dressed. As a man, he was one of the most undressed men I ever saw. Later on, your ancestors persecuted another ancestor of mine, the Quaker. Your ancestors didn't want any interference with the freedom of worship in their own peculiar way. The first African brought into New England as a slave was an ancestor of mine. I am of mongrel origin.

"Now, listen to me. Why do you wish to perpetuate these societies? I want you to stop right here and disband. Begin by selling Plymouth Rock at auction. In the great wealth of rocks in New England, this particular rock would bring perhaps thirty-five cents. If you don't sell it, throw it open to the patent-medicine men. Do something to make a start. On this table I see water and milk, and even the deadly lemonade. You are on the downward path. In a few years you will surely reach cider. Pause while it is not too late. But still I have as high an opinion of you and your ancestry as I can under the circumstances. My grandfather used to say that it would be hard to improve on the good old Plymouth stock—unless the person were born in Missouri."

#### A HAPPY FAMILY.

Pulled from the breast, squeezed from the bottle,  
Stomachs will sour and milk will curdle;  
Baby hallelujah all that night,  
Household bumping heads in awful fright.  
Don't deny, 'twas thus with Victoria,  
Night was hideous without CASTORIA;  
When colic left; for peaceful slumber,  
All said their prayers and slept like thunder.

On the 29th of last August, Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann, of New York (better known as the publishers of the phenomenal PUCK), issued a new publication called FICTION. It was announced that the new weekly was to be devoted to original, refined and entertaining stories, from the pens of some of the best of American writers. From the very first number FICTION has been a pronounced success: each number being more than a realization of everything that was promised for it. The continued stories have been of the highest order, whilst the short stories have been selected with excellent judgement; so that to-day FICTION stands at the head of the list of such publications as are welcomed in the most scrupulous households. Ever gaining in popularity, FICTION has constantly presented to its readers such a great variety of choice and constantly varying reading matter, that we have no hesitation in placing it among those papers that are in every way worthy of success.—Boston Times.

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Shule-agra cruiskeenlawn be-the-mortal ochone  
Paudeen gim-iv-the-say pon-my-conschins mavrone.  
Be-aisy mavourneen begorra shaughraun  
Augus sassench coulin homerule colleenbawn  
Garryowen throth drop-iv-the-craythur crubeen  
Acushla-macree gommoch soggarth potheen.  
—Dublin Pat.

THE Woman's Ear-Stuffing, Blindfolding and Gaggling Association will shortly be incorporated in this city. The objects are the promotion of harmony by raising the female sex to the level of the inmates of a deaf, dumb and blind asylum, and, by mechanical means, virtually preventing them from either hearing, retelling or seeing anything which can be turned into a means of malicious gossip. The ladies will be ungoggled every morning, so as to permit them to wash the babies and do necessary household duties, and their ears will be unplugged once a week when they go to church; but the system of gagging is so perfect that they will be able to eat all their meals without the slightest danger of their telling how "Mrs. Jones's husband was out till three o'clock the other morning, and had to be helped up-stairs, while his wife hasn't got a dress to wear." This is as it should be, and we are a life member.—*San Francisco News Letter.*

"FOR MY PART," said Mrs. Goodington, who had been listening to an account of the "Jeanette" disaster: "I can't see what they want to be roaming aound up in the archaic regions for! An open poplar sea? Fiddlesticks! What is it good for after they've found it? I say, and always have said, that if people would only stay at home and mind their own business, and not go off prying into the miseries of nature, it would be a good deal better for them, and vastly more sensitive, too!" The good old lady got so warm over the subject that she dropped three stitches before she had "done" one needle of her knitting.—*Boston Transcript.*

A SEVENTH WARD lady has had the oil-cloth taken off of the bows to the top of her two-seated phaeton, and is having a milliner trim it with velvet and feathers, and she will wear it for a bonnet. It will look well at a theatre. One thing we shall insist on, if the ladies are going to wear such extraordinary hats, and that is that a window be placed at the rear, the same as a top buggy, so parties sitting back of them can look through and see what is going on on the stage. There is nothing unreasonable about that.—*Peck's Sun.*

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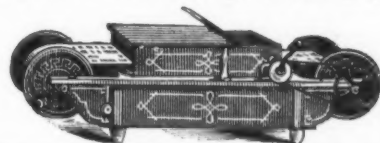
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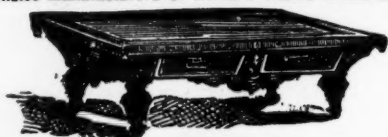
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the only known means of per-  
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Rev. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, N. Y.ENTERTAINING dialogue between a Danbury  
man and a New Haven man, at the Bridgeport  
railway station:New Haven Man—Any shooting up your  
way?

Danbury Man—Lots of it.

New Haven Man (*eagerly*)—What do they  
shoot?Danbury Man (*looking up at the clock*)—Guns,  
mostly.—*Danbury News.*THE example of Rev. Dr. Gage, who recently  
knocked down a burglar who was pursuing his  
calling in the doctor's house, will, we fear, have  
a demoralizing effect upon the clergy. It may  
nerve them up to making hits in their sermons  
which would have a tendency to keep their  
auditors awake, and thus rob them of one of  
the chief pleasures of church-going.—*Boston  
Transcript.*"DON'T you think white gloves make one's  
hands look awfully big?" asked Angelina, hold-  
ing out her gloved hands. "Is it the gloves  
that make them look so large?" asked Mary,  
quite carelessly. When Angelina got alone  
that evening, she confidentially remarked to  
herself that somebody or other was a great  
hateful thing.—*Boston Transcript.*"I KNOW," said the little girl to her elder  
sister's young man at the supper-table: "that  
you will join our society for the protection of  
little birds, because mama says you are so fond  
of larks." Then there was a silence, and the  
Limburger cheese might have been heard  
scrambling around in its tin box on the cup-  
board shelf.—*Ex.*"GIVE the young man a chance," says a  
writer. Yes; give him a chance at a church  
festival in a raffle for a blue-eyed doll in a poke  
bonnet, and "just too lovely for anything." Give  
him a chance—to go out and kick himself  
full of holes because he went to the festival.—  
*Christian at Work.*A PROPRIETOR of a circus in the West has  
lost several valuable animals, among them a fine  
specimen of a species of wild-cat that attracted  
much attention in his show. Darwin-like, he  
is now searching for the missing lynx.—*Cam-  
bridge Tribune.*THE new Secretary of the Treasury has just  
paid \$40 for a cow he killed on the New Jersey  
marshes while snipe-hunting. He now knows  
that a cow is considerably larger than a snipe,  
and also has a greater spread of horns.—*Detroit  
Free Press.*Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done  
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MEN may write and men may sneer, but the citizen who can put up a stove without bringing forth a side of nature which makes the world laugh, has yet to be born. The idea of using an ax, two wedges, four bricks and a bottle of mucilage to put up stove-pipe, is itself enough to cause a grin.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A LITTLE Austin boy, whose impecunious parents are always moving from one house to another, was asked by the Sunday-school teacher, "Why did the Israelites move out of Egypt?" "Because they couldn't pay their rent, I reckon," was the reply.—*Texas Siftings*.

NEW YORKERS meditate a new line of steamers which are to make the trip to Europe in six days. This is pretty quick ocean traveling; but until a line is started that will beat a cable dispatch, America's defaulting bank cashiers will not feel safe.—*Norristown Herald*.

"No, MA," she said: "Charles can never be anything to me more. He has come out in his last season's overcoat; and oh, ma, if it only matched my new dress, I wouldn't care so much; but it doesn't, and we have parted."—*Boston Star*.

THOUGH vinegar is often sour and disagreeable, it was never known to go back on its mother.—*Syracuse Times*.

I have the utmost confidence in the mails. Enclose \$1 for two boxes, or \$2.50 post office order for six boxes of Celery and Chamomile pills and I will take all risk for money and goods. Dr. C. W. Benson, 106 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md.

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